to this paltrie Knight:

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Qui, I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne?*

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men, very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him, and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow, Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.